

ink + roses

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/30342768) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30342768>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF), Karl Jacobs/Sapnap (background)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF), GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF), Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Soulmates , Tattoos , Magical Realism , i guess , Getting Together , i just think claymond dreamiekins should have tattoos is that too much to ask , background karlnap just for the Joaks , First Meetings
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of meant to be (soulmate au collection)
Stats:	Published: 2021-03-29 Words: 3694

ink + roses

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

His arms are covered in inked roses, twisting and turning all over his skin. They cover nearly every free inch of skin, leaves and thorns and petals taking up as much space as must be physically possible, as if the absolute abundance of ink was on purpose. With his luck, it probably was.

-OR-

A soulmate AU where every tattoo your soulmate gets appears on your body, too, and George is *really tired* of his soulmate's shit.

Notes

i think im legally mandated to write a soulmate au so here it is. i also think dreamathan needs to have tattoos for homosexual purposes so it's a win win!

ive sworn to my sister ill write ch 3 of a few white lies soon i just have so many other ideas leave me be slkfjlsdkjf. im working on it

enjoy, yall! (and thanks for all ur support on my other oneshots!! it's been overwhelming and i really appreciate it!! <3)

George gets his first tattoo when he's twenty-one.

Mind you, he's not the one who goes out and gets the tattoo. But that morning when he takes off his shirt to shower, there's a tiny black heart tattooed on his collarbone, so small it could almost be mistaken for a larger-than-average mole. He brushes a finger over it, feeling the slightly raised skin, and can't help but smile. It's his first indication that somewhere out there, there's someone who's meant for him.

See, this is how it works. If you're lucky, which most people are, it seems, somewhere in the world you have a soulmate. When people want to be poetic, they'll say that soulmates "share a skin", or some other creepy shit like that. George finds it much easier to just say "if your soulmate gets a tattoo, you get it too".

In soulmate terms, it took George a little longer than usual to get his first tattoo - most people get theirs way earlier on, especially because a lot of people will give themselves stick-and-pokes and the like at ages that are, in George's opinion, way too young in order to find their soulmate. Despite how little it is, George can guess that his heart is professionally done. He appreciates his soulmate's standards.

He tells his friends about the heart and they tell him it's cute and then he goes on with his day, feeling better knowing that there's someone somewhere who the universe has decreed his perfect fit.

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It's a couple months later when the second tattoo shows up - a tiny black star beneath the heart. George thinks the little marks are cute. He's never wanted to have a large amount of tattoos, and therefore has always worried his soulmate would get way too many without him being able to stop them, but the small shapes he has so far are perfect. It's enough to identify his soulmate - if he can manage to get a look at their collarbone, that is - but it's still tasteful. George hopes his soulmate agrees that this is the right amount of tattoos.

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His soulmate does not agree that this is the right amount of tattoos.

George gets his first larger tattoo a couple months after the star - on his hip, of all places. It's cute, it is - a little fluffy black cat with yellow eyes curled up as if it's getting ready to sleep - but George would appreciate it more if it was on someone other than him. It's fine, though. He tells himself that it'll just make it easier to find his soulmate someday, but he still thinks the heart and star were plenty enough.

Oh well. At least this will probably be the end of it.

(He hopes.)

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It's a few months after the cat tattoo when George makes a new friend on a Minecraft server. He thinks Dream is pretty fuckin' awesome, actually. They grow close quick, and then Dream ropes another friend of his into the group, and suddenly the Dream Team is born.

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A year later, George goes out and gets a tattoo by himself for the first and last time. It's on his shoulder, about the same size as the black cat on his hip, and it's of a dragon curled up on a pillar of stone, which *may or may not* be a realistic rendering of the Ender Dragon, but who can say? Hey, even if his soulmate doesn't play Minecraft, which would be weird, because that should probably be a George's Soulmate Requirement, it's a pretty kickass tattoo on its own, if he does say so himself.

A couple days later there's a tattoo of an end crystal healing the dragon added onto his shoulder. George chuckles.

"Okay, soulmate," he says quietly to himself, tracing the outline of the new ink. "So you like Minecraft. Good."

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"My soulmate got a fucking dirt block on their fucking wrist. I have a Minecraft dirt block on my wrist. I want a new soulmate."

George snickers at the utter hatred in Sapnap's voice. The poor guy's soulmate has a habit of getting really stupid tattoos, some of which are extremely questionable - and extremely lewd - stick-and-pokes that presumably came from drunk dares or something like that. Honestly, this one isn't nearly as bad as some of the others.

"Hey, at least your soulmate likes Minecraft, right?" he says, humming a little to himself as he busies himself raiding a village for beds. They're playing Minecraft together, but just for fun rather than a video. Sapnap has been busy building an elaborate mansion while George and Dream actually attempt to beat the game. They haven't made all that much progress thanks to Sapnap interrupting their conversations with miscellaneous details about his life and updates on his Minecraft mansion.

"Yeah," Dream pipes up, a smile in his voice. "My soulmate got a Minecraft tattoo, too. Way cooler than your dumb thing, though."

"Hey!" Sapnap cries, even though he'd been dunking on his new tattoo too only moments ago.

George finds his hand moving to absently brush over his ender dragon tattoo, hidden under his t-shirt sleeve at the moment. He wonders what Minecraft tattoo Dream's soulmate got.

(Of course, he has that moment of *Wait, but what if-*, but he squashes it just as quickly as it had popped into his head. Just because he may or may not have a dumb crush on his best friend doesn't make them soulmates. That would be stupid.

But still. He wonders.)

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Okay, George is going to *kill* his soulmate.

He woke up still half asleep, but the Dream Team is recording a video for his channel today, much to his chagrin, so he needed to get up. (One of these days he'll force Dream and Sapnap to get up early and let him sleep in, rather than him waking up early and them staying up late, which makes no sense, if you ask him, but today is not that day.) He had made his way to the bathroom, and that's how he's ended up here, staring at his reflection in completely and utter shock and disbelief.

It's been *forever* since he's gotten a new tattoo, and he had hoped that maybe his soulmate had decided that they had enough. But apparently he wasn't so lucky.

His arms are covered in inked roses, twisting and turning all over his skin. On his left shoulder, the roses have been twisted to make a sort of frame around the dragon that already sits there. But other than that, they cover nearly every free inch of skin, leaves and thorns and petals taking up as much space as must be physically possible, as if the absolute abundance of ink was on purpose. With his luck, it probably was.

The roses are beautiful, George thinks, detailed and gorgeous and with the appearance of a painting rather than a simple tattoo, but George would appreciate them more somewhere other than on his own skin. He makes a mental note to cuss his soulmate out over this when he meets them - and then kiss them forever, probably. George has been thinking a lot about meeting his soulmate lately. He's excited, of course he is, but he wishes that moment would hurry the fuck up so he can tell his idiot soulmate to stop getting so much goddamn ink.

But he can't do that now, so instead he cusses out the mirror until he feels like he's let out a sufficient amount of frustration, and goes about his day.

After a quick shower, George gets dressed, and an inexplicable instinct at the back of his mind makes him put an oversized hoodie on over his t-shirt, one that has sleeves long enough to cover all the roses. When he's satisfied with the invisibility of the new tattoos, he texts Sapnap and Dream and lets them know that he's ready to record, and so they do.

They're about halfway through beating Minecraft, But Blocks Randomly Break When We Step On Them when the usually quips and banter turn to soulmates, courtesy of Sapnap.

"Oh, you guys, I found my soulmate," Sapnap pipes up casually, as if that's *not* an absolutely huge life event.

"Oh, 'grats, man! How'd you find them?" Dream asks, his voice making it clear how proud of his friend he is.

"Well," Sapnap says, a little bit of annoyance mixed with a healthy amount of fondness dripping its way into his voice, "he tattooed his name on my ass. So that helped."

George breaks down laughing, and Dream wheezes so hard George starts to wonder if the poor guy can even breathe. (George is incredibly happy about the fact that no one mentions the 'he'. So they're all cool with that. Okay. Good.)

"Holy shit, really?" Dream manages, out of breath and still laughing. "Who is it? Wait, do we know him?"

"Yeah, you know him," Sapnap replies with a snort. "I'll tell you off camera. Let the fans have fun guessing."

"Sap," George says, "You're gonna have to tell them eventually. They'll die."

"Yeah, yeah, I know," Sapnap says, feigning annoyance with the concept of having to tell people about the soulmate he's clearly, despite how he's trying to act, extremely happy about. "They can suffer for a little, I'm sure." As quickly as he'd changed the subject to his own soulmate, Sapnap changes it to something else. Something George is dreading. "So, how about you guys? How's the soulmate search going?"

Dream chuckles. "Oh, dude, at this point I don't know how I haven't found this guy." *Guy*, George

thinks. *Okay, that's...something.* "Like, seriously, I got full on sleeves today. If I can't identify him by that I don't know how the hell I will."

George swallows, but finds his throat is suddenly dry. He feels like his arms are burning. No. Absolutely not.

"Oh, that's badass," Sapnap responds, which is good, because George isn't sure he would've been able to come up with a response to that himself. "You gotta give the thirsty fanartists more description than that, though."

George manages to make himself laugh at that, but it's so, so hard to pretend everything is normal when it's extremely possible he's about to discover the thing he's been hoping for and dreading ever since Dream had mentioned having a Minecraft tattoo - and maybe even before that, not that George would ever admit to it. There's no way-

"Roses," Dream says, crushing the end of George's thought like a fuckin' hydraulic press, or maybe some other better metaphor than that. "Just, like, a shit ton of roses. I promise it's cooler than I just made it sound."

Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh shit. Oh fuck oh shit oh god. And, in case George hasn't been clear already, *OH FUCK.*

But maybe it's a coincidence. Maybe Dream had just happened to get rose sleeves at the exact same time as George's soulmate and Dream and George's soulmate *aren't* one and the same and he can just pretend this never happened and roll up his sleeves like a normal person and-

"Dream, man, we need pictures." *God fucking damn it Sapnap has to ruin fuckin' everything for George today apparently.*

"Damn, why do wanna see my arms so bad, Snapmap?" Dream replies, sending Sapnap into a laughing fit peppered with *shut up, dumbass* every once in a while. George realizes he's been suspiciously quiet through this whole exchange, and manages to force out another laugh to confirm that he's still alive and *definitely totally okay*. And then, because the universe absolutely hates George, Dream continues, "But sure. Consider it an arm reveal, you weirdo."

And then George's phone buzzes with a text and when he opens it it's a painfully familiar image.

Sure, Dream's arms are much more tanned and more toned than George's, which is a fact George catalogues in his brain for no reason at all, but the designs spiraling all over them are a perfect match. George nervously scans the photo for any possible detail that's wrong, any shading that's off, any thorns twisting the wrong way, anything at all that makes Dream's roses different from his. But there's nothing. The sleeves are exactly the same. There's no doubt about it.

Dream is George's soulmate.

"Hey, Gogy, you good?"

Sapnap's voice snaps George back to reality, and he quickly turns off his phone and shoves it into his pocket. "Yeah," he says, even though it's a little too rushed to be normal. "I'm good."

"Don't worry, Sap, he's just busy drooling over my sexy arms," Dream says very smugly and very obnoxiously - at least, it's obnoxious to George.

"Shut up, *Clay*," George replies, because that's always his play when he wants to fuck with Dream, and it works. Dream fakes anger and yells at him and George yells back and then they go back to

playing the game and the stone block under George's Minecraft feet breaks and sends him falling into a lava pit beneath and he's starting to think that maybe it's a metaphor for something.

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It's another couple months later when they're all on a call and Dream says, out of nowhere, "Hey, y'all should come move to Florida", and fuck, it's not like George is gonna say *no*.

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After a month of making plans and finding a house and packing and trying to find out if being a gamer is a job that you can get a work visa for - it's not - George is finally in the Orlando airport, next to a half-asleep Sapnap. They'd coordinated their flights so that George flew into Texas and got a connecting flight to Florida so he and Sapnap could take that last flight together, which hadn't really been worth it, in George's opinion, because Sapnap had just slept through the entire flight. Despite how jet-lagged he is, George doesn't think he could fall asleep if he *tried*.

Seeing Sapnap in person was a little nerve-wracking, of course it was, but George had known what to expect. Sapnap in person is exactly like Sapnap online and George had been able to recognize him on sight because he knows what the guy *looks* like. But Dream isn't going to be like that, and George knows it. He doesn't know who he's looking for. He doesn't know what to expect. He just knows that he's about to meet his *soulmate* in person for the first time and the other won't even know how big an event this really is. He subconsciously tugs his sleeves down a little more, making sure his tattoos are covered. He's been wearing long sleeves ever since the roses appeared, no matter the weather. Sure, he's been burning up in this airport, but he can't let anyone see. He can't let anyone *know*.

"There are too many tall blonde people in Florida," Sapnap comments absentmindedly, scanning the crowd in front of them. "Dream could be, like, half of these fuckin' people."

George snorts. Sapnap is crazy over-exaggerating - there's about three guys here that match Dream's vague descriptions of himself, and they're all blank-faced and therefore clearly not him - but it's still just that terrifying to think that somewhere in this airport is, well, fucking *Dream*. George's heart is going to fly out of his chest, it's beating so hard.

And it doesn't fuckin' help when someone comes up from behind and grabs him, slamming their hands over his eyes and saying, "Guess who?"

George screams bloody goddamn murder for the two seconds before he realizes who's behind him. "Motherfucker!" he yells, to the annoyance of pretty much everyone in the general vicinity. Sapnap sounds like he's crying laughing, and Dream himself is just short of his famed wheeze.

"Nope, guess again," Dream says through giggles. George huffs.

"I'm going to fucking kill you," he deadpans, which only makes his friends laugh harder. "Oh my god, shut up-" George spins around, yanking Dream's hands off his eyes and suddenly he's staring at his *best friend favorite person love of his life soulmate* and it's everything he'd hoped and waited for and then some.

Dream is - fuck, he's *gorgeous*. He's a tall motherfucker just like George had been told and therefore expected, but it's more intimidating - and sexier, perhaps - in person than in George's mind. He's tan and freckled and his eyes are soft and shining and he has *really nice lips*, which is potentially a really weird thought to be having but it's *fine*. His hair, a pretty sandy tone, is a little longer and curlier than George had expected, blonde waves nearly falling in front of one of his

eyes. If George wasn't already in goddamn love, he sure would be now.

And then - *of course* - there's the tattoos.

Dream is wearing a t-shirt, which puts his sleeves on full display, the familiar intertwining roses spread out in front of George's face. George (barely) resists the urge to trace a finger over them, as if he doesn't already see them every day on his own arms, and then he realizes he's still holding Dream's hands in his own and pulls his free, trying to pretend he isn't blushing.

"Hey," he says softly, breathlessly, and he realizes he sounds like he's just run a damn marathon, which only makes this more extremely awkward.

"Hey!" Dream replies enthusiastically. He's wearing a brilliant smile, clearly excited to see George - but probably not to the same extent that George is excited to see him. Dream's eyes seem to slip down towards George's arms, and George quickly pulls his sleeves down again, just in case, but by then Dream isn't even looking down there anyways.

"I'm also here!" Sappnap interjects from the left, and Dream laughs and turns to him, breaking the seemingly endless eye contact he and George had been making.

"Hey to you too!" Dream says, pulling Sappnap in for a quick hug before turning so that he's looking at both of them. "So, you guys ready to see our house?"

"Yeah!" George replies, at the same time that Sappnap jokes, "Absolutely not, pretty sure you're just going to take us to a white van and kill us."

Dream laughs, a warm, full-body laugh that melts George's goddamn heart. "Okay, then let's go to the car, which," he points to Sappnap accusatorily, "is *not* a white van."

George laughs and all the normal things, but inside he's thinking *fuck, I am so hopelessly in love with this man.*

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The trio lives together for two months without incident. Dream occasionally makes comments about how finding his soulmate is still harder than he expected it to be. George continues to wear long sleeves even though the Florida summer is killing him. Sappnap asks if he can invite his soulmate over and when he's told no he shrugs and says, "Shit, too late" and reveals that Karl is already standing on the goddamn doorstep. So, pretty much the usual.

And then one morning it happens.

George is the first one up, and he busies himself making a cup of coffee before Dream can get up and complain about it. He's just about to take a sip when behind him he hears, "I KNEW IT!"

George jumps and manages to pour his entire cup of coffee onto his (*white*, because of course it is) hoodie. Before he can place a formal complaint, though, he's being spun around and suddenly Dream is there and fucking *kissing* him.

George is kind of in fucking shock which is how he figures he ends up kissing back. And then his thoughts start working again, sort of, and he pulls himself away more forcefully than he means to. Dream doesn't appear to be bothered by that, though, because he's still fuckin' beaming down at George.

"What," George says dryly, his throat constricting so bad he thinks it might cave in, "the fuck."

Dream snickers and taps the back of his neck, turning so George can see it. Right below the ear, there's a frustratingly non-small tattoo of the Dream smiley face. George makes an offended noise, his hand flying to his own neck and feeling the barely noticeable bumps of the tattoo there, too.

"I thought I saw a leaf peeking out of your sleeve the other day," Dream says in explanation, even though George is pretty sure he didn't ask. "I wasn't sure, like, at all, so I convinced Sapnap to give me a stick-and-poke last night." He taps his neck again as if he needed to specify what his new tattoo was.

"Ohmygod," George replies eloquently, his mind racing like it's in the Indy 500 and it's about to burn out. (Okay, he doesn't know shit about car racing, but that probably means something, maybe.)

Dream's hand moves up to cup the back of George's neck, his hand tracing over the new ink. George swallows whatever dumb words he's sure he was about to say. Dream taps George's hood once, and George understands immediately, because of course he does, and pulls off his coffee-stained hoodie, revealing the multitude of roses trailing down his arms.

"It's really you," Dream says, eyes full of wonder, voice full of happiness, and George remembers that he's in fuckin' love with this man and they're soulmates and this is the best day of his life.

"It's me," he confirms, and then pulls Dream back down and into another kiss, wrapping his arms around Dream's neck so he can feel the new tattoo as well, even though in a minute he's going to make sure Dream knows how absolutely stupid it is. They stand there, like that, for what feels like forever, until they're interrupted by an ear-piercing shriek.

"GOD DAMN IT," Sapnap yells, sending his roommates into peals of laughter. "IT'S SEVEN IN THE FUCKING ANTE-MERIDIEM AND IT IS TOO EARLY FOR YOU TWO TO BE MAKING OUT IN OUR FUCKING KITCHEN."

Dream and George are forced apart by their choking laughs, but they still keep their arms around each other and their smiles on their faces and George has never been so happy in his entire life.

End Notes

no presh but if you draw dream and/or George w/ these tattoos *i will in fact marry you on the spot.*

anyways. thanks 4 reading!! this was so fun to write and im really proud of how it turned out! soulmate aus are popular for a reason huh skljlksfj. also why do i keep doing sapnap like this poor guy has to deal with dnf's shenanigans way too much in my fics

kudos n comments are appreciated! hearing from yall is what keeps me writing! and also i just like it when ppl talk to me abt dnf bc right now ive got like. one irl friend who ive made read my fics and then my sister who ive also made read my fics so. (also my coworker who likes mcyt but idk if shes into shipping so that's unhelpful. anyways if u work at mcdonalds and on saturday your coworker brought up how dream is florida man's final form i am your coworker and you need to tell me RIGHT NOW so we can talk abt dnf. cool.)

sorry abt these extended end notes! love yall! have a great day!

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